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FUGITIVE POPE

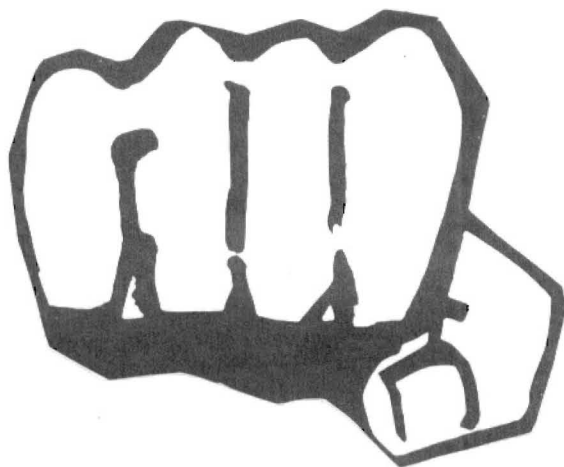
GOING UNDERGROUND

Vol. 2, No. 3

nothing or one dollar

May 1, 1991

World After Communism: Pope's Vision



Read

or

Die

PRELIMINARY MATTERS

FUGITIVE POPE is a bimonthly publication, issued on the first days of January, March, May, July, September, and November.

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Motto no. 1: Feel free to be offended by the contents. I don't mind at all.

Motto no. 2: If it seems amateurish, it's because it is.

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Actually, if you're cool, you can gamble that my relatives the hoity-toity Washington, DC lawyers won't be set on your scrawny butts so gamble and reprint anything you want. Zines like **Blue Larry**, **Factsheet Five**, **The ... Chronicle** (Alaska!), **Bellywash** or anything by K3 will never be prosecuted. However, major publishing concerns can suck my International Standard Serial Number (1054-8947). If Exxon, Times-Mirror, or any of those scum-fiends ever rip me off, they're dead, DEAD, DEAD!!!

To get single issues of **Fugitive Pope** send age statement and \$1.00 in cash, stamps or equivalent in foreign currency. Trades are ok, too. Send submissions (copyright reverts to author on publication) and correspondence to:

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3338 Sawtelle Bl., #20
Los Angeles, CA 90066

United States of Amerika

Impotence

A Medical Problem
With A Medical Solution

Welcome to the new, improved, library literate **Fugitive Pope!** Illiterate? Screw you. You can't read this anyway. Besides, it's the government's fault for not having an intelligent information policy. When George Bush proudly proclaims his computer illiteracy, I get cold chills down my spine.

Anyway, stuff goes in here that won't normally find its way into the "normal" professional literature of librarianship. Few people know about the library custom of giving nicknames to patrons, such as "Charles Manson," "The Holiday Man," and "Dog Fuck" (check out the lead article starting on the next page!). How many of you non-librarians get questions over the telephone like "do you have any books on how to masturbate?" This patron was whacking off merrily while the librarian (a colleague of mine) was seriously and non-judgmentally trying to locate an appropriate text. When The Joy of Sex was suggested as available at a nearby branch, he said "I need it NOW because I'm masturbating NOW!" Ahh, what a wonderful profession.

I'm also trying to de-mystify librarianship and bring it down to earth. When UCLA's circulation people say things like "why do they go in to Reference Librarianship if they hate people so much?" I think it's time to take a closer look. I believe in the power of libraries and their necessity as a part of our intellectual infrastructure. I also believe that uncritical dogmatic flag-waving about the sanctity of our institutions is also misplaced. Thus, **Fugitive Pope** will be exploring these and other aspects of the profession. It will be looking at some of the whimsy, crudeness, and maybe even successes within the profession. Hopefully, they'll still give me my MLS after they read a few issues. Kill, maim, destroy, and **read or die!!!**

Ever wonder what the people at the circulation desks in public libraries are REALLY thinking? Try on this little fantasy from the kind people at the Minneapolis Public Library ...

DOG FUCK

by Tim Miske, et al.

(originally published in **Chapel of Refus/ge**)

Either he is the spawn of an illicit union of dog and human being or he enjoys the occasional carnal relation with unprotected canines -- it is not certain how he acquired his name. To look at him is to realize that either possibility could fly. His face -- a bit on the pudgy, doughy side -- reminds one of an Irish water spaniel or, perhaps, a well beaten Chow chow. Surely he has a human name but I cannot, for the life of me, look at him without the name "Dog Fuck" surfacing into consciousness.



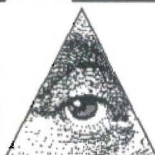

Having observed him for a number of years, it occurs to me that what he really needs to regain an awareness of this planet and its ways, is one, good, swift, righteous kick in the ass. Alas; this therapeutic adjustment has yet to be administered ...

Another day unfolds as he takes his place at the sublime temple of learning: what is modestly referred to as "The Chapel of Refus/ge." DF is at his chosen table, perusing the usual fare -- an assortment of books and magazines on such varied topics as: guns, knives, skin disease, weaponry of the Vietnamese war, Joy of Sex, etc. He is resplendent in a shapeless Camel Filters acrylic stocking cap, cobalt blue polyester highwater flare pants, and faux suede rancher's jacket. Slowly, he cocks his head to the side; his watery, bulging eyes staring off into the void. Perhaps he and he alone hears the pitch of a dog whistle being blown elsewhere in the library and rises slightly to respond. Just as he puffs out his cheeks and bends over to look at the fish tank, something in me snaps; in an instant I leap out towards him, over the paging desk. Oh Providence! As if kicking a

football -- as if my life depends upon it -- my foot meets his flabby, waterbed ass; knocking the living, bejezus SHIT out of him. He lifts off the ground sharply, lurching on a slight diagonal; his forehead squarely connecting with the plane of his chosen table. He rolls off to the right and then hits the bottom edge of the aquarium stand. Dog fuck is sprawled out, facing the ceiling; some blood trickles down his blank, ashen face. I laugh hysterically and throw the Unabridged Oxford English Dictionary on top of him just for good measure as nearby MPLIC (Minneapolis Public Library and Information Center) patrons look on in stunned silence -- and tacit approval. Responding to the commotion, Officer Donald Oddom rounds the corner, draws his service revolver, sticks the barrel into Dog fuck's gaping maw and pulls the trigger. KaBLAM! It's the Year of the Violent Reader!

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The...Chronicle



UFOs ▢ Mass Murder ▢ Conspiracy ▢ Mind Control
Necrophilia ▢ Cannibalism ▢ Satanism
Drugs ▢ Disney ▢ Books ▢ Zines ▢ Music ▢ Catalogs

Issue six \$3 from Students For Freedom
c/o Nathaniel-M. Naske, P.O. Box 80721, Fairbanks, AK 99708

From the fine folks at the UCLA Management Library, a little ditty from the early 1980's originally published in their underground publication, **DISCHARGE: The BELCH Literary Supplement**, vol. 1, no. 1 ...

BOB HAMMER, LIBRARIAN

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I took a slow, harsh drag on my unfiltered Camel, a quick shot from my bourbon-on-the-rocks, and stared through my lenses at the nubile young co-ed before me.

"Could I ask you a question, Mr. Hammer?" she said with an angel's voice. I wanted to give her "a library's no place for sorority girls, honey" but she was new to Circ and wearing no bra, so I gave her the benefit of the doubt.

"Shoot, kid." I poured myself another bourbon; didn't even consider offering her one. I like to keep my students off the sauce.

"Is this shelved in Reference or in the Stacks??" She held up a book, Hands-On Management, one of the latest best-sellers geared for under-achieving college drop-outs who dream of Porsches and Jacuzzis while snoring through Adult Ed courses. Our usual fare. I lit another Camel and considered some hands-on managing of her.

"That's in the stacks, sweetheart." I exhaled in her face, but she didn't even cough; tough cookie, couple of years, couple of pounds ...

"Thanks, Mr. Hammer ..." She grinned like the cherub she was and spun around to go, while I reached for my bourbon to drown my middle-aged hormones. Suddenly, the best-seller slipped from her slim fingers and fell to the floor. She cried "whoops" like an idiot, almost breaking the image, but saved herself by retrieving the volume and giving me a front-row-center view of her ample

young thighs. She knew what she was doing. All nubile young co-eds know what they are doing. She stood up straight again.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hammer ..."

I exhaled. "Don't mention it. Listen ... I just might have a special project for you ... why don't you come by my office ... say, around 7:30?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Hammer!" Like I said, she knew what she was doing. As the co-ed left I put my mind to the work at hand. I had a meeting in fifteen minutes with the head honcho, the big cheese of the library system, Russel Stank. I'd have to be on my best behavior, so I loaded my .45 and headed out of the office. It was to be your usual library meeting; we'd discuss the possibility of setting up contingency plans for the creation of a subcommittee to appoint a task force to make recommendations on what color paper to use for the Library Newsletter. I needed a beer, so I headed for Tech Services, which doubles as staff room, kitchen, conversation pit, and sand box. the Times was lying next to the fridge, its headline a familiar one: "Library Murders Continue." And suddenly I remembered what else I had to do today. What about those damn library murders? Not that I really cared, I mean, better librarians than hookers, you know what I mean? But now the killer's after full-time staffers, and that really tees me off. All the other Unit Heads are looking to me to do something, seeing as I'm the only detective in the system. But what am I supposed to do? There are so many M.O.s it could be the entire URL Reference staff for all I know. First, there was that Librarian from BioMed, hanged with a long strip of microfilm. Then a URL gal, stripped and desensitized on Janss Steps. And a week later, another URL Librarian, stamped beyond recognition. And the list went on with a dozen dead MLS's over the last few months. Most recently, one of my very own staff members was forced to read the minutes of all the staff meetings and was bored to death. What was I gonna do? Where was I gonna start?

I started by popping open my beer and lighting another Camel. I figured I'd go to the meeting and stew about the murders while Stank droned on. As I headed for the exit gate, some smart-mouthed, stuck-up little MBA in

one of those navy-blue generic brand business suits, whined at me: "No Food or Drink in the Library!!" She obviously didn't know who I was and I considered drawing my .45 and blowing her smug head off, but I controlled my rage, took a drink of beer, and spit all over her face. Just as she was about to launch into some feministic, anti-MCP tirade, a blook-curdling scream came from down in the stacks.

"Out of my way, sister!" I pushed the MBA aside and bolted for the stairs, my heater drawn. Instinctively I checked the stack guide to help me along my way, but quickly realized that "AU" (Assaulted Undergrads) wasn't a call number and headed down to the first level.



There were no more screams, Level One was silent. I cautiously edged my way among the ranges, looking for, I didn't know what. I passed some young punk masturbating in the LD's. I knew THAT wasn't what I was looking for, and continued on. And suddenly, I froze. There she was, lying in a heap among the Z's. That poor innocent co-ed with the sweet thighs. Run over by a book truck. Dead as a doornail. those soft young thighs, as white as the cover of Datapro's On-Line Services Guide. Damn shame.

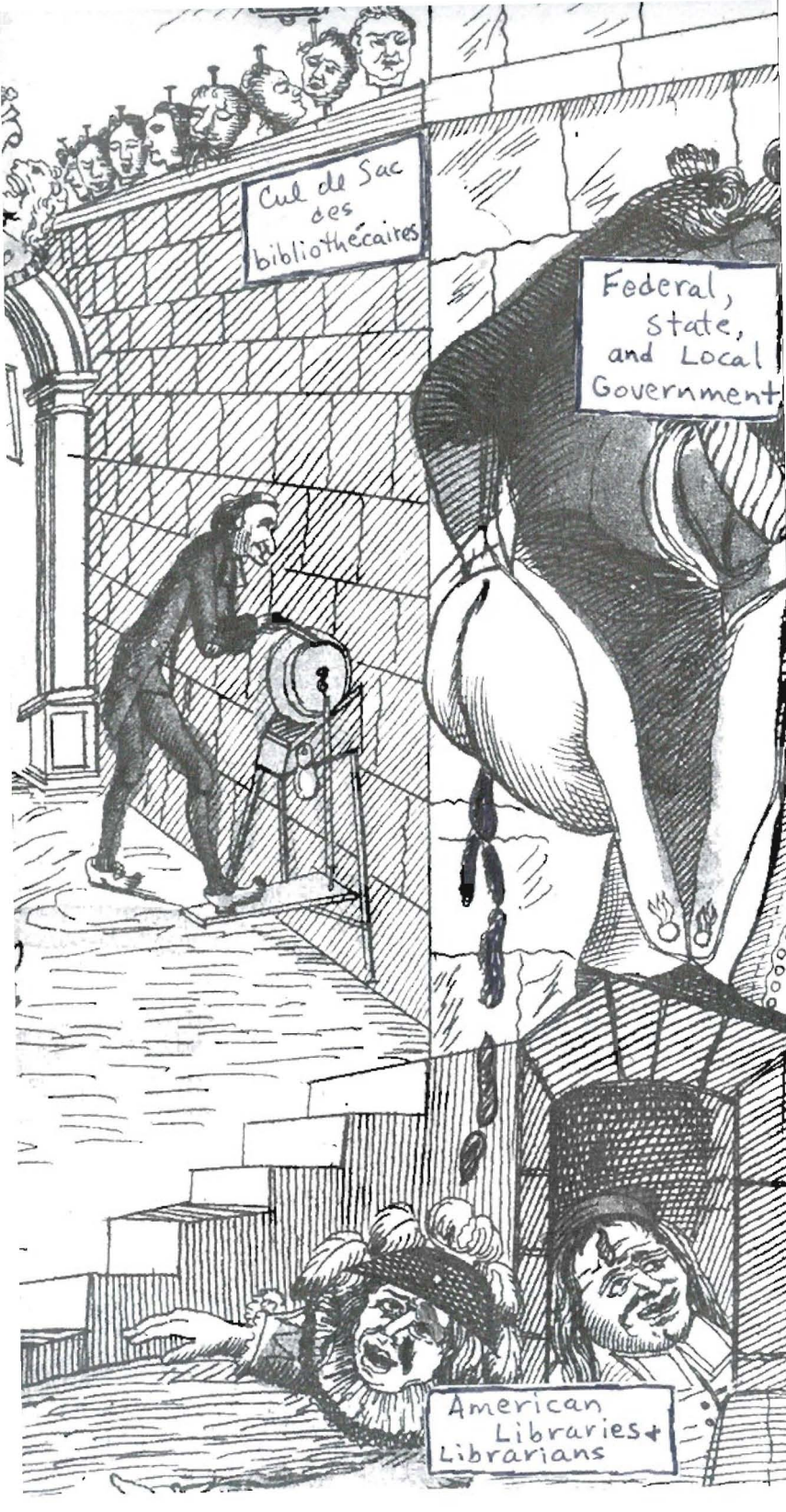
But suddenly, I realized there was only one way out of here and that was up. Since I knew that no one had gone up the stairs the killer must still be nearby. Browsing. It takes a cold bastard to calmly scan the shelves after slaughtering a sorority girl.

I cautiously began my search. Slow, methodical. That was my way. I noticed a book that had been mis-shelved, but I mustered all my will power and ignored it, considering. And suddenly, I came upon something that stopped my search and drove from my mind all thoughts of murder, co-eds, or even library policy. A dame. The most beautiful dame I'd ever seen and I'd seen them all. She stood grasping her Gucci bag as if for dear life, cowering in a corner. Her figure was soft and curved, her hair long and blonde, a face even her mother would be jealous of. I forgot all about the mutilated prep, all I wanted was to check-in, stamp, and shelve this dish as soon as possible.

"What's going on? I heard screams ..." Her voice was low and sexy; I expected a lecture on tampons any second.

"Everything's under control, Miss ... but I'd better escort you out, for safety's sake." I tossed my still-burning butt behind a shelf and reached-out for her hand, deftly wiping the sweat from my palm onto my pant leg.

"Thank you ... very much." She was even beautiful when banal. She took my hand as I led her to the stairs, my other hand on her back. No bra. My kind of woman. We reached the stairs and I followed her up, not even noticing the two paramedics rushing down to the first level. When we reached the Circ desk she turned to me, her eyes like two blue diamonds, stuck in the White



Cul de Sac
des
bibliothécaires

Federal,
state,
and Local
Government

American
Libraries +
Librarians

"Thank you ... very much." I didn't mind her limited vocabulary; I watched with awe as she headed for the exit gate. Reality began to creep back into my perception as I heard sirens in the distance. I was about to head back down the stairs and continue my search for the murderer, when, suddenly, the exit gate alarm rang with a loud 'dong'. I instinctively turned.

"Excuse me!!" I headed for the gate to interrogate whomever was taking library material without a library card. And, suddenly, there she was again, that beautiful doll from the stacks.

"Did I set that off?" She was as innocent as could be; in the earlier excitement she must have forgotten to charge out her copy of Forbes. I was cool.

"Do you have any library books or journals?"

"Um ... I don't think so ... let me check ..." She rummaged through her Gucci bag; I tried to steal a glance between the buttons of her blouse. Suddenly, her face lit up. "this must be it!" She produced a volume from the depths of her bag. "I'm sorry, I guess I forgot to check it out ..."

"No problem," I took the book. "Just fill out one of these cards ..."

"Oh, no, that's quite all right, I don't need it anyway." She smiled, her blood red tongue sliding between her pure-white teeth, those blue diamond eyes piercing my brain. "Take care, now ... maybe I'll see you later ..."

She turned and headed for the door, and my heart split open like the San Andreas fault. Absent-mindedly, I glanced down at the book in my hands. And my heart sealed up again and turned to ice. It was Hands-On Management. It all came together in a flash: the murders, the co-ed, everything. I drew my piece.

"Hold it, babe, it seems your library card on life has just expired."

She froze, just before the gate, and turned slowly.

"Excuse me?"

I took a breath, then, voiced a growl dripping with emphasis: "Come back here. I know." She paused for a moment, assessing her situation, I suppose. Then she grinned and walked back to the desk. I aimed my .45 for her left breast. "I know about the Library Murders and I know about the co-ed in the stacks. But what I don't know is why? Why do it? Why kill all those librarians? I mean, I'm sure everybody at one time in their life has wanted to waste a librarian, but several? Why?"

She pulled one of my Camels out of the pack in my breast pocket and lit it herself. She was cool, and, as she exhaled, spoke in that cold, sexy voice. "They billed me. They billed me for a book I never checked out and I had to pay. Forty dollar replacement fee plus a five dollar overdue fine. I figured they had to die," she took another drag on her cig, "do you think I was wrong?" She was sincere.

"Well, I wouldn't have taken it so personally."

She laughed. "You know I'm right, you know I did the right thing. That's why you're going to let me walk out of here." She slowly backed away from me. "Deep down inside, I know you despise librarians as much as I do. You know that they're a vile race. You know they deserve to die ..."

She was almost to the exit when I fired. Missed her left breast by inches, piercing her heart; I've got to work on my aim. She fell to the floor, taking a shelf of library guides with her. I put my piece back in my pants and waited for her last words. After some bleeding and heavy breathing, they came."

"How ... how ... could ... you?"

I took my time, I wanted my voice to be the last thing she heard before seeing the Gates of Hell.

"It's Library policy."

The following institutes, directories, and groups were all culled from standard reference library sources found in many libraries throughout the nation. Most of these sources are used to identify mundane things (e.g., "What is the phone number of Wesleyan University's Science Library?") but with a tiny bit of creativity, even more fun things can also be found! You are encouraged to examine the following sources at your nearest library!

from:

Directory of Special Libraries and Information Centers, 13th ed., Detroit: Gale, 1990.

we find:

CARL L. WESCHKE LIBRARY, 1363 Norell Ave., N., Marine on St. Croix, MN 55047 / (612) 443-2321

"... Special Collections: Bondage fetishism ... "

from:

Directory of Archives and Manuscript Repositories in the United States, 2nd ed., Phoenix: Oryx Press, 1988.

we find:

INSTITUTE FOR SEX RESEARCH, Indiana University, Morrison 416, Bloomington, IN 47405 / (812) 335-7686

"... [includes] a collection of 50,000 photographs ranging from art photography to pornography, 1855-; a film collection including scientific documentary films, commercial pornography, and experimental avante-garde works; ... records of sexual activity; and personal essays ..."

The Official Museum Directory, NY: American Assoc. of Museums, 1991.

we find:

1.

TITAN MISSILE MUSEUM, Duval Mine Road, Green Valley,
AZ 85614 / (602) 791-2929

"... Collections: 1963, Titan II intercontinental ballistic missile force. Facilities: gift items for sale..."

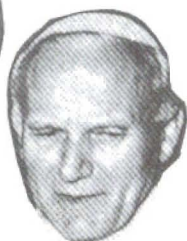
("Hey, Irma. Take mah picture standin' here by this here nookalur dee-vice.")

2.

ARKANSAS OIL AND BRINE MUSEUM, Highway 7 Bypass,
Smackover, AR 71762 / (501) 725-2877

"... Collections: specimens; photographs; archival materials of petroleum and by-products and their relationship to Arkansas history ... Facilities: ... outdoor oil field exhibit park ..."

(Admission is free. Now we know what one can do in Smackover, Arkansas when things are slow. "Hey, Clem, lets go check out them brine exhibits. We can drop the kids off in the oil field exhibit park.")



3.

STUTTGART AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM, 921 E. Fourth St.,
Stuttgart, AR 72160 / (501) 673-7001

"... Collections: farming equipment used in the
development of hay and rice industry; ... history of crop
dusting; ... 2/3 scale replica Lutheran church ..."

(That last part is not my typo. Why would anyone want a
"2/3 scale replica" of anything? Perhaps the smaller
church is for people who just want to feel slightly
larger than normal? Oh, well, it also could be a ploy to
compete with the ARKANSAS OIL AND BRINE MUSEUM!)

from:

Directories in Print, 8th ed., Detroit: Information
Enterprises, 1991.

Using the keyword index makes this source a lot of fun.
I looked up stuff under "funerals," "erotica," "sex," and
"alternative presses" and found:

1.

ASSOCIATED FUNERAL DIRECTORS SERVICE - ROSTER
Associated Funeral Directors Service International
Box 23023, St. Petersburg, FL 33742 / (813) 579-1113

Covers: 2000 funeral homes in US and Canada. **Price:** Free.

2.

DIRECTORY OF AMATEUR EROTICA: WHERE TO BUY & SELL
PRODUCTIONS BY TALENTED AMATEURS
Ferret Press, Box 210733, Nashville, TN 37221

Latest edition: February 1988. **Price:** \$15.00.

3.

INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY OF SWING CLUBS AND PUBLICATIONS
North American Swing Club Association (NASCA)
PO Box 7128, Buena Park, CA 90622-7128 / (714) 821-9953

Pages: 40. **Price:** \$10.00.

4.

FACTSHEET FIVE [ALTERNATIVE PRESSES]
Mike Gunderloy, Six Arizona Ave., Rensselaer, NY 12144
(518) 479-3707

"... Over 1,000 publishers of alternative magazines and books with such subjects as radical, reactionary, iconoclastic politics, activism, occultism, new music non-traditional or specialized literature and art ..."
Price: [\$3.50].

from:

Encyclopedia of Associations, 25th ed., Detroit:
Gale, 1991.

From white supremacist groups to Engelbert Humperdinck fan clubs, this is the only source to find out how to get in touch with anyone. Of all the "boring" sources used, this one was the richest and most fun. There is an entire chapter on fan clubs alone. In the index, under the heading labeled "Pop Music," you can even compare the number of fan clubs attached to an artist; e.g., Engelbert Humperdinck beats out Tom Jones by a score of 7-4:

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Engelbert's Aquarians | 1. Tom Jones Gadabouts |
| 2. Engelbert's "Goils" | 2. Tom Jones "Tom Terrific" Fan Club |
| 3. Engelbert's Golden Eagles | 3. Tom's Look of Love |
| 4. Enge's Entourage | 4. Tom's Love Connect'n |
| 5. Enge's Flaming Hearts | |
| 6. FR-ENGE | |
| 7. Engel's Angels in Humperdinck Heaven Fan Club | |

(an additional club cited as "Happy Humpers" may or may not be affiliated with Engelbert Humperdinck.)

Using the keyword heading, "Pornography," we find Porn Star Traci Lords' Fan Club neatly tucked in between the index entries for the "Task Force on Pornography and Sexual Abuse" and "Women Against Pornography."

NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws) and COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics - prostitutes rights organization) are located on the same page (1621).

White supremacist group, THE ORDER, is listed without an address but it is noted that "Members of the group have been tried and convicted of a range of crimes including armed robbery, counterfeiting, and murder." The reader is directed to the **Encyclopedia** entries for THE ARYAN NATIONS, KU KLUX KLAN, COVENANT, THE SWORD AND THE ARM OF THE LORD, and NEW ORDER.

Selected entries from **The Encyclopedia of Associations**:

1.

NATIONAL TASK FORCE ON PROSTITUTION (aka, COYOTE)
333 Valencia St., Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94103
(415) 558-0450.

Prostitutes rights organization. Members consists of prostitutes, former pros, lawyers, social workers, etc. "Long range goal is the decriminalization of prostitution and 'the removal of the stigmas associated with female sexuality.'"

2.

NORTH AMERICAN TRANVESTITE/TRANSSEXUAL SOCIETY (NATTS)
1206 E. Pike St., Seattle, WA 98122 / (206) 623-1549.

"Transvestites, transsexuals, crossdressers, and bisexuals; psychiatrists, psychologists, plastic surgeons, attorneys and social workers; other interested individuals." Publishes **Girl Talk** which is listed as "free."

3.

TRACI LORDS FAN CLUB (TLFC)

Rt. 1, PO Box 18, Berger, MO 63014 / (314) 742-4431.

"Fans of pornographic movie actress Traci Lords (1968-). Lords received natioanl attention when it was revealed that she had misrepresented her age and starred in pornographic films before she was actually 18 years old; pornogrpahic films starring actors under 18 are considered child pornography and their sale, distribution, and broadcast a felony. Promotes Lords' career. Bestows awards; sponsors essay contest."

4.

EXOTIC DANCERS LEAGUE OF AMERICA (EDLA)

c/o Jennie Lee, 29053 Wild Rd., Helendale, CA 92342
(619) 243-5261.

Membership consists of "ecdysiasts, strippers or burlesque dancers." Holds "Miss Striptease USA" annual contest. Maintains collection of ephemera and has a speakers bureau!

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